

# DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

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"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."

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## POETRY.

### NOBILITY.

True worth is in being, not seeing;  
In doing each day that goes by  
Some little good thing—not in dreaming  
Of great things to do by and by.  
For whatever men say in their blindness  
And write of the fancies of youth,  
There's nothing so kingly as kindness,  
And nothing so royal as truth.

We get back our me as we measure—  
We cannot do more and feel right,  
Nor can we give pain and feel pleasure;  
For justice avenges each slight.  
The air for the wing of the sparrow,  
The bush for the robin and wren,  
But always the path that is narrow  
And straight, for the children of men.

'Tis not in the pages of story  
The heart of its ill to beguile,  
Though he who make courtship to glory  
Gives all that he hath for his smile.  
For when from her heights he has won her,  
Alas! it is only to prove  
That nothing's so sacred as honor,  
And nothing so loyal as love!

We cannot make bargains for blisses,  
Nor catch them like fishes in nets;  
And sometimes the thing our life misses,  
Helps more than the thing which it gets.  
For good lies not in pursuing,  
Nor gaining of great or of small,  
But just in the doing and doing  
As we would be done by, is all.

—Alice Cary.

## STORY TELLER.

### What One Girl Did.

Molly Perry woke, the morning of Memorial day, about as cross as it is possible for a healthy, sunny tempered girl to be, and with some reason.

For, to begin with, her waking senses were first greeted by a strong whiff of tobacco smoke wafted into her open window from the pipe of the lodger below; and as she had gone to sleep with the same incense in her nostrils, you must own that it was trying, particularly to a country-born nose that knew the fragrance of wild grape vines and locust trees. Whatever you may think, Molly was wrathful, and flounced out of bed, shut the window with emphasis, and sitting down in her one rocking chair, eyed with strong disfavor a pile of clothes on another chair. And here was another reason for her crossness. The night before she had taken account of stock in the way of clothes, and found herself on the verge of bankruptcy. "Not a decent thing among them except that gray suit," she thought, disconsolately, and the truth is they were a shabby lot. Barring the gray suit, a navy blue serge (ragged as to edges, and shiny as to elbows and back), a faded cambric, an old black cashmere, hot at a dusty-looking, made up the sorry display.

Why didn't she buy some new clothes? Well, there was no particular reason except that she had no money to buy and no time to make, being one of the forty or more clerks in the "Mart of Fashion," on Washington street, at a salary of \$6 a week. Any one mathematically inclined can do the sum which Molly did each week:

Board.....	\$4.00
Washing and ironing.....	.50
One sitting at "Trinity" (a very humble one).....	.15
Total.....	\$4.65

And out of the difference between this total and \$6 must come boots and gloves and hairpins and pocket-handkerchiefs and everything else, so you can see that the queen of Sheba was quite safe from a rival so far as Molly was concerned.

But this mention of the "Mart of Fashion" brings me to the cap-sheat of Molly's discomfort. She had expected to have the day to herself, but Rush & Crush, scenting possible profit from country visitors, had decided to keep open. So it was a very cross face that looked at Molly from the little way looking-glass, and the soft brown hair was hatched and twisted with very few of the little pats and touches usually bestowed on it, and the blue dress was donned with some twitches. The sight of the breakfast table did not lighten her mood. She looked down its long length, and noted the spots and rings and splashes on the coarse cloth, the knives and forks at all angles, and the dishes piled up, fragments and all, by the untidy table girl, and felt an unutterable disgust for it all.

It is not necessary to go into the story of sickness and debt and death which had brought her from a quiet, refined home to be a clerk in the Mart of Fashion and an inmate of Widow Jackson's second-rate boarding-house; but we will start with her this memorable morning, when, after trying her sharp little teeth on some tough steak and turning over on her plate some flabby fried potatoes, she fished a fly out of her coffee, and took her way to the store.

Half the long forenoon had worn

away when Molly, with a box of tumbled laces before her, stood looking after a lady who had just passed with a cluster of violets at her throat, and thinking wistfully of a certain place she knew of where they grew, cool and moist in their green leaves, when the voice of the ubiquitous floor-walker brought her back to the present.

"Miss Perry, if you are not more attentive, I shall have to report you." "I will save you that trouble," said Miss Perry, and clap went the cover on the box, and swish went the box into its place, and Miss Perry, with very red cheeks and bright eyes, went down the long store to the office and tendered her resignation, "to take effect at once, if you please."

Mr. Rush, was pleased for trade was slackening, and there were twenty girls for every vacancy. "But you know our rule, which was that a clerk leaving without notice should forfeit pay from the last Saturday night settlement. But Mollie's ancestors did not fight at Concord without leaving something of their spirit to their descendants, so she turned to go with an air that betokened no acquaintance with "rules," when Mr. Rush, whose heart had been a trifle softened by memories of a certain grave in Mount Auburn which would be decorated that day, handed out three trade dollars, and in ten minutes Mollie was in the Common, "with all the world before her where to choose."

The unusual leisure was so pleasant that the girl loitered and lingered, enjoying the sunshine and air, and only when the noon whistles blew did she come down to reality.

After dinner, with locked door, she held a council of war. Here, on one side, was Molly Perry, 24 years old, with health and hope, \$5 in her trunk, three silver dollars in her pocket, and one good suit, and on the other side the great, pushing, scrambling, selfish world, eager to grasp, and slow to give.

Molly did some hard thinking. "There's one thing sure," she thought, "I won't tend store again and I won't sew for a living, and I won't be cooped up in a shop." The chances are narrowing fast. Suddenly came an idea. "I'll do it," said Molly; and what it was, The Advertiser told next morning:

"Wanted, by an American girl who is a good plain cook, a situation to do housework in a small family. Country preferred. Address M. P., Advertiser office, Boston."

Well, the answers fairly poured in. It seemed as though all womankind had been waiting for "an American girl who is a good plain cook;" but Molly resolved to be critical, and waited. In the meantime, seeing that a way was open, she dressed herself in her best and went shopping Saturday afternoon. She chose to patronize Rush & Crush, where her high and mighty airs gave unbounded satisfaction to the clerks, with whom she was a favorite. She sailed up to the print counter with great dignity, turned the goods over, pulled the corners crosswise, after the fashion of women shoppers, depreciated the patterns, etc., but finally bought print for three dresses, gingham for apron, etc., to the amount of \$3, and counted out with great majesty the three trade dollars.

"Oh, Molly, you know we can't take them," said the clerk. Molly turned to Mr. Rush, who, sauntering along with his eyes on the whole proceeding.

"Mr. Rush," she said, "I took these here day before yesterday, and now the clerk refuses them."

Mr. Rush was grimly amused at her audacity, but instead of answering turned to the grinning cash-boy in waiting, and snapped: "Cash, what are you waiting for? Take the goods and money this instant!"

The youthful Mercury disappeared like a spirit, and Molly felt somewhat as her great grandfather did at Concord.

Monday morning brought a letter which seemed promising, and which read as follows:

WHEATFIELDS, N. H., June 2.—Miss M. P.: We need a domestic, and prefer one of our own nation. The family consists of myself and wife and a hired man. My wife is feeble, and the domestic would have to take charge of everything. We would pay \$3 a week to the right person. If you feel capable for the place, and can bring a recommendation, we should like to have you come as soon as possible.

Then followed some directions about trains, and the whole was signed in plain, homely fashion, "Yours, Bethuel Harlow."

"Wife feeble," mused Molly; "well, she won't be poking round the table all the time" (another flash of the Concord spirit). "Domestic," not

"servant" or "hired girl." That suited.

The result was that a few days later Molly, armed with a letter from her minister, was set down, the only passenger, at Wheatfields station.

Squire Harlow, waiting for the expected "good plain cook," was smitten with great misgivings at the sight of the stylish young lady, for to his eyes, accustomed to the dress of Wheatfields daughters, the simple gray suit with its graceful drapery seemed the height of elegance, and he was not reassured by the question of the station agent: "Got company from the city, ain't yes? Put it was too late to retreat, and soon old Dan'l was pulling them steadily toward home. The squire said little, but glanced at the girl occasionally from under his shaggy eyebrows. It was a fair, honest face, which freshened with every mile in the sweet evening air, and the gray eyes took in everything, from the chipmunk on the wall to the locust trees with their fragrant drooping clusters.

"Want a piece?" said the squire, as they drove under one. Her face was answer enough; and stopping old Dan'l, the good man cut a cluster and dropped it in her lap. She thriftily took off her new lisle-thread gloves to take it, showing hands, so white that the squire groaned internally.

Those hands wash his dishes and scrub his floors? Was this young lady, who was prettier and better dressed than any girl in Wheatfields, his domestic? He shook his head slightly, chewing a bit of the locust.

Molly ventured a few questions about the family, and heard the story of what was always uppermost in the squire's mind—the story of the lost daughter Mary, one of the victims of New England's scourge, who had faded away three years before, since when "Mrs. Harlow had sorter pined."

It was a pathetic little story told in the laconic New England way, but the brown, knotty hands worked unsteadily on the reins, and the squire's eyes had a far away look, as though toward the country which held his Mary.

Presently they drove up to a comfortable house, with an air of plenty about the large barn and wide porch, over which grew a white lilac. Molly found her mistress a little woman with faded, gentle eyes, and soft, slow voice. She looked at the girl kindly, and held out her hand. After giving her a few directions, and telling her where to find things, she added to her husband, "Tell John to carry her trunk to the east chamber." This apparently was something unusual, for the squire opened his mouth as though to say something, but being a man of few words, shut it again and went out.

Molly, following her trunk, found herself in a small room, with a bright rag carpet on the floor, white curtains looped away at the window, home-made linen towels with knotted fringe on the little table, an old-fashioned chest of drawers, and a low four-posted bed with valance and patch-work counterpane. The room was neat, but had an unused look, and Molly wondered if the tribe of girls of which the squire had made mention had marched through it; but, too tired to think long she unpacked her small wardrobe, said her prayers, and did nothing more till morning, when the trilling of birds and a ray of sunshine on her face, woke her to her first day of service as a "domestic."

While making her simple toilet she gave many quick glances at the billows of apple blossoms under her window, and something born of the light and fragrance and music was reflected in her face as she took her way to the kitchen. The wood and kindling were near at hand, the fire started off briskly, with a cheerful air of encouragement, and then Molly considered her bill of fare. There was salt mackerel, eggs, stale bread, the inevitable salt pork, doughnuts and pie, and a pan of cream, whose yellow wrinkled surface bore testimony to the squire's Jersey.

"That mackerel won't be fried," said Molly, for the course of frying at the widow Jackman's had been severe. The fingers that had measured lace and ribbons so deftly made short work of getting breakfast, and the squire, coming in from his strawberry bed with a pan full of "Wilson's," found it about ready.

But somehow his table had an unfamiliar look. The cloth was on straight, the knives and forks were laid with mathematical precision, an unwonted air of trimness pervaded his familiar crockery, and there was no pie on the table. But there was mackerel

baked in cream, and mashed potatoes, and nicely browned toast, and the doughnuts.

"Mrs. Harlow don't like to come out to the table this morning, and I guess I'll take her a bite before I eat."

And so saying the squire took a plate, and commenced piling things on it in a promiscuous way.

"Oh," said Molly, "let me do it. I have had a long experience with sick people. They must be tempted, you know."

She looked up at him with her bright smile, and the squire gave in at once, and watched with wonder while a tray was brought, a clean napkin spread over it, a piece of the mackerel laid on a plate, with the cream ladled daintily over it (Molly had seen too much of plates where the meat seemed to have been launched on them by an avalanche of gravy); then came a little plate of the potato, a slice of brown toast, a little plate of butter, a cup of coffee, knife, fork, spoon, etc. Then she whisked into the pantry, and out again with a saucer of strawberries, and added them to the contents of the tray.

"Wait a minute," she said, as the squire lifted his burden, and in a twinkling she was out of the door and back again with a spray of white lilac, which, in a tall glass, was given the place of honor in the middle of the tray.

"Sho!" said the squire, with his slow smile, "that'll just suit my wife. She's famous for having things fixy."

Mrs. Harlow had missed the accustomed smell of frying, and wondered in a feeble way if Molly couldn't find the pork.

"Why, Bethuel," she said, as her husband set the tray down beside her, "how pretty! I really believe I am hungry."

And the squire went back to his own breakfast so happy that he entirely forgot the absence of the pie.

Well, this was the beginning, and though life afterward was not all cream and strawberries and white lilacs, and though bread would sometimes burn, and pastry flatly refuse to be flaky, and though unused muscles sometimes ached with the new work, yet the girl kept up a brave heart. The squire and his wife were uniformly kind, and the latter, who had suffered as much from lack of cheerful society as from any physical cause, gradually grew stronger and would sit through the long summer forenoons in the greatly airy kitchen, placidly knitting or paring apples, and though she sometimes looked wistfully after Molly as she tripped from pantry to cellar, and longed for the English figure which used to flit about in the same way, her heart took great comfort in the bright, cheerful stranger. And the squire, hearing the fresh young voice singing about the house, would give a great sigh for the lost voice, but somehow the old house seemed less lonely to him, and after a while his first question would be, "Where's Molly?" The plain country society readily took her in and considered her high authority in the matter of "looping," of overskirts and "doing up" of hair, and at last no merry-making was complete without Molly Perry.

Those of you who have followed this story in expectation of some absent son or nephew or younger brother of the family appearing and taking Molly for a wife may as well stop here, for nothing whatever of the kind happened, for the squire and his wife had no sons, and their nephews and brothers were all married long before Molly's day. It is true that some of the smart young farmers of the region round about tied their horses occasionally at the squire's gate and it is equally true that Molly said "No" to some of them, though they one and all swear by her.

This story is not written to induce all clerks and shop-girls to rush into housework, for not one in twenty would be capable of doing as Molly did, and not one in a hundred would find such a home; it is written simply to show what one girl did.

Bernhardt is not the only actress with a love for horrible association. Judie has just purchased, and intends to live in the house at Le Pecq, which was last year the scene of the peculiarly revolting murder of the chemist Aubert by the Fenayron family.

### Mr. Geo. W. Schutt's Appointments.

Lansingburgh, .....	" 25th.
Port Jervis, .....	Dec. 2d.
Whitport, .....	" 9th.
Albany, .....	" 16th.
Stottville, .....	" 23d.
Quarryville, .....	" 30th.

### Bill Arp's Talk.

Mr. Shakespeare says that a man has seven ages, but in my opinion a boy has about ten of his own.

He begins with his first pair of breeches and a stick horse and climbs up by degrees to toy guns and fire-crackers and sling shot and breaking calves and billy goats and to sure enough guns and a pointer dog, and the looking glass age when he admires himself and greases his hair and feels of his downy beard, and then he joins a brass band and toots a horn and then reads novels and falls in love and rides a prancing horse and writes performed notes to his girl. When his first love kicks him and begins to run with another fellow, he drops into the age of despair and wants to go to Texas or some other remote region, and sadly sings:

"This world is all a fleeting show."

Boys are mighty smart now-a-days. They know as much at ten years as we used to know at twenty, and it is right hard for us to keep ahead of 'em. Parents used to rule their children, but children rule their parents now. There is no whipping at home, and if a boy gets a little at school it raises a row and a presentation to the grand jury. When my teacher whipped me, I never mentioned it at home for fear of getting another. I got three whippings in one day when I was a lad. I had a fight with another boy, and he whipped me, and the school teacher whipped me for fighting, and my father whipped me because the teacher did. That was awful, wasn't it. But it was right, and it did me good. One of these modern philanthropists was telling my kinsman the other day how to raise his boy. "Never whip him," said he, "Raise him on love and kindness and reason," and then he appealed to me for endorsement. "And when that boy is about twelve years old," said I, "do you go and talk to him and if possible persuade him not to whip his daddy. Tell him that it is wrong and unfilial, and will injure his reputation in the community."

The modern boy is entirely too bigity. I was at church in Rome last Sunday, and saw two boys there, aged about ten and twelve years, and after service they lit their cigarettes and went off smoking. An old fashioned man looked at 'em and remarked, "I would give a quarter to paddle them boys two minutes. 'I'll bet their father is afraid of 'em right now.'" The old fashioned man never was afraid of his. He worked 'em hard, but he gave 'em all reasonable indulgence. He kept 'em at home of nights and he made good men of them. They have prospered in business and acquired wealth, and are raising their children the same way, and they love and honor the old gentleman for giving them habits of industry and economy. He was a merchant, and didn't allow his boys to sweep out a string or a scrap of paper as big as your hat.

Habits are the thing, good habits, habits of industry and economy, when acquired in youth, they stick all through life. And the girls need some watching, too. They are most too fast now-a-days. Too fond of fashion, and they read too much trash. The old fashioned retiring modesty of character is at a discount. They don't wait for men to come now, they go after 'em, they marry in haste and repent at leisure, they run round in their new fashionable night gowns and call it a Mother Hubbard party. The newspapers have got up a sensation about the arm clutch. Well I don't see any difference between that clutch and any other clutch. The waist clutch in these round dances is just as bad or worse. They are all immodest, and there is no good mother that approves of them. A girl who goes to a promiscuous ball and waltzes around with promiscuous fellows, puts herself in a promiscuous fix to be talked about by the dudes and rakes and fast young men who have encircled her waist. A girl should never waltz with a young man whom she would not be willing to marry. Slander is very common now, slander of young ladies, and there are not many who escape it, the trouble is that it is not all slander, some of it is truth. In the old time when folks got married they stayed married, but now the courts are full of divorces and the land is spotted with grass widows and in many a household there is a hidden grief over a daughter's shame. It is a good thing for the girls to work at something that is useful. There is plenty of home work to do in most every household. If there is not then they can try drawing and sketching and painting or music, something that will entertain them. There are

as many female dudes as males, and they ought to marry, I reckon, and go to raising fools for market.

We have got a cook now, and my folks are talking a rest. She is an old fashioned darkey and flies round with a quick step and light-foot. Anybody could tell that 'Sicily,' had had good training from a white mistress. When she gets through her work she brings up a tub of water and goes to washing up the floors without being told. She washes the dishes clean, and is nice about the milk and the churning and is good to the children. She lets them cook a little, and make boys and horses out of the biscuit dough. The like of that suits Mrs. Arp exactly. If I was a darkey, I would know exactly how to get Mrs. Arp's money and a heap of little things thrown in. Yesterday morning Sicily's husband knocked at the door very early and said his wife was sick, sick all night, and Mrs. Arp turned over and exclaimed "Oh my!" I told him to go to the next room and tell the girls, and I heard 'em groan and say, "goodness gracious;" but they got up and gave us a first class breakfast and I praised 'em up lots. I promised to let 'em go to town and tumble up the goods and bring back a big lot of samples. Girls should be encouraged when they do well.

BILL ARP.

### Boys Learning Trades.

Dr. Francis A. Walker, the efficient and enthusiastic head of the Boston Institute of Technology, is reported to be doing excellent work in the way of inducing many of the boys of that city to become mechanics. The tendency of boys generally in this country especially during the twenty-five years, has been in favor of adopting one or the other of what is called the learned professions, and the result already reached is that, with the exception of the clergy, the learned professions are all overcrowded, and the law and medicine, which, in the country's earlier days, were broad, straight roads to honor and wealth, are no longer so; indeed, it is only in exceptional cases that they are not the narrowest, crookedest, roughest and longest road of all to fame or riches. They are filled to overflowing with young men of fair ability, struggling desperately for the bare necessities of life. But the places which technically educated mechanics should fill are generally empty, for the mechanics' is not considered a profession, and our boys have preferred failure in a profession to success in the workshop. If Dr. Walker or any other teacher can convince them that mechanics is a certain road to prosperity, and can induce our boys to take to it, he is one of the greatest of public benefactors. Mechanics is just such a road in this country, which is teeming with all sorts of material to be manufactured. It is the highest technical education that is required for the proper development of this great mass of natural wealth, and the mechanics who have that sort of education will for many years find the way to success an easy one. Such a mechanic need not work with his hands, but with his brains: plan schemes, invent and improve machinery, manufactures, railroads, mines, furnaces and forges, and all that results through labor from them. The learned master mechanic must long be in America the most needed, because the most useful of its citizens. That is inevitable when there is no much mechanical work to be planned and done.

### An Unwritten Newspaper Law.

The New Jersey Mirror outlines an unwritten law of newspapers, which it would be well for a number of good people to take to their hearts. It says:

"It is an unwritten law, well understood in journalism, that no editor is under the slightest obligations to give a reason for his acceptance or non-acceptance of manuscript. He is not called upon to write a private epistle on the article to the author of it. His acceptance or rejection is an absolute and unquestionable fact. Among amateur writers, this does not seem to be understood. All sub editors and reporters understand that it is an unjustifiable impertinence to ask the managing editor his reasons for not publishing any matter submitted to his judgment. Outside writers and aspiring amateurs rarely seem to comprehend this truth, and their transgressions are largely from ignorance, rather than inattention. The nature of editorial work requires absolute power of decision in order to preserve the unities of the journal the editor conducts."

### FROM CONNECTICUT.

DEAR EDITOR:—Permit me to say to Rev. Job Turner, through your paper, that I went to New Haven to attend his services one evening of last week, but owing to the mistake of a friend, I went to St. John St. Methodist Church, found to my very sad disappointment, there were no services held there, and that I had been misinformed as to locality. So I was kindly welcomed to stay at Mr. Leek's pleasant home all that night.

I would like to mention my recent visits to Mrs. White.

A few weeks ago, Mrs. Julia Griswold and myself had a very enjoyable visit at Mrs. James D. Bartlett's residence, which is very pleasantly located in North Guilford.

Mrs. Bartlett kindly drove us to Durham for the especial purpose of calling to see Mrs. White, whom I had not seen for many years, since she retired from the matronship of the American Asylum for the instruction of deaf-mutes. We had a very enjoyable chat with her, who also appeared much pleased to see us. She was well and lively.

A short time ago I had a pleasant call from Mr. J. Bartlett and Mrs. Nevins, of Bridgeport, Ct. They informed me they had called to see Mrs. White, and found she was well as ever. She is eighty-four years old. May God bless and support her until the end. Yours respectfully,  
J. A. C. AVERILL.

### A NEW SOCIETY.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—Although there are many deaf-mutes living in Brooklyn, the third largest city in the Union, yet they have no literary or benevolent associations such as exist elsewhere. Why is this? Certainly the mutes of this city are, taken together, as intelligent as any in the land, and they should have an association which would rank with that of any other city. With this end in view, I have hired Americus Hall, on Grand St., near 6th St., Williamsburg, for Tuesday evening, December 4th, and invited all respectable deaf-mute ladies and gentlemen living in Brooklyn and the near vicinity to meet me there at 8 o'clock sharp, upon the above mentioned evening, for the purpose of organizing an association, which I hope will be accomplished.

CHARLES E. GREEN.  
63 LEE AVE., BROOKLYN, E. D.

### A New Variety of the Human Race.

Prof. Bell, of telephone fame, read a paper yesterday at the National Academy of Sciences on the formation of a deaf variety of the human race. It was an able paper, and showed that such a variety is forming undoubtedly, under the law of evolution. But one curious error underlay all his reasoning on the proper measures to be taken in view of the facts presented. He assumed that deafness is an evil, and that the formation of this new human variety ought to be stopped. Before admitting this assumption, it may be well to pause and reflect. Are not these persons happier, after all, than they would be if they were suddenly endowed with hearing?

Persons who live in cities, at least, will agree that there are to be heard many more disagreeable sounds than agreeable ones. It stands to reason, therefore, that for dwellers in towns the state of deafness is on the whole desirable. If all sick people were deaf, for instance, they would not be worried to death by the clanging of the church bells. Deaf ladies who travel do not receive a shock to their nerves every time another train passes or an engine whistles, or a brakeman calls out the name of a station. Consider, too, that deaf people are delivered from listening to the honeyed words of the canvasser, male or female; that they cannot hear the neighbor who is learning Home, Sweet Home, on the cornet, or drumming Peek-a-boo by the hour on the piano.

But it was as parents that Dr. Bell spoke of the deaf, and as parents the chief advantage of their peculiarity would become manifest. If the baby were a deaf-mute itself, it would never cry, and if it did cry, both parents would go on sleeping peacefully all night instead of spending a large part of what should be their sleeping hours walking the floor. We think this advantage alone—at least to parents—sufficient to counteract any disadvantages of deafness. Mr. Bell should not be too hasty in introducing these happy deaf-mutes and their offspring to the horrors of a hearing existence.—N. Y. Mail and Express, Nov. 14, 1883



# DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, NOV. 29, 1883.

E. A. HODGSON, Editor.

The DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, (published at 162d Street and Tenth Avenue) is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

TERMS: One copy, one year, \$1.50. Clubs of ten, 12.50. If not paid within six months, 1.50. These prices are invariable. Remit by post-office money order, or by registered letter. Terms, cash in advance.

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Rates of advertising made known upon application.

Specimen copy sent to any address on receipt of five cents.

## UNFORTUNATE COLORADO.

GOVERNOR GRANT, of Colorado, has been at Colorado Springs, investigating the trouble at the Deaf-Mute Institution. It seems that the school is under the control of a steward and matron who can scarcely make the letters of the deaf-mute alphabet, let alone use the signs that are necessary to convey ideas to the minds of deaf-mute children. Professor Walker and Mr. E. C. Campbell, Superintendent and teacher respectively, have both resigned, and now the educational interests of the school repose in the hands of a sixteen-year-old boy. The JOURNAL office is flooded with newspapers from Colorado Springs and Denver, containing marked articles on the Institution imbroglia. The space at our disposal will not admit of reprinting more than one of the many articles sent us, but we select the one which gives the clearest view of the situation. All of the papers sent are filled with bitter comments on the disgraceful proceedings which have lately taken place at the Institution. Any one can imagine a meeting of the Board of Trustees being enlivened by a hand to hand fight, caused by the pugnacity of the over-zealous steward, and the subsequent humiliation of the same individual before a magistrate. It is hardly necessary to repeat what has been so often said before, that the interests of the school are identical with the interests of the people at large throughout the State. It is for them to decide whether or not they shall be taxed for the schooling of children whose proper education is neglected in order to satisfy individual greed. If the citizens of Colorado do not want to be burdened by ignorant and dependent deaf-mutes, they must see to it that the children are properly educated and cared for, and such a desideratum can only be brought about through the aid of men of education and experience in the instruction of this particular class of children.

## The Manhattan Literary Association Levee.

The season of balls and parties is at hand. The preliminaries of the annual levees are being arranged, and all deaf-mutes are preparing for a joyous season. The Manhattan Literary Association is the first to advertise its grand entertainment for the coming season. Lyric Hall, of convention fame, and also wherein the deaf have tripped the light fantastic toe on many a merry evening, is again to be made the scene of a happy mute assemblage. The Manhattan Literary Association's levees are too well known to need commendation here. Those who have attended previous entertainments of the kind, need not be told that good order, happiness and general excellence in all details, will be the reigning features at Lyric Hall on December 10th.

A WRITER in the St. James Gazette suggests that the sign-language in use among the aborigines of America be made a universal language—that is, that it be learned by the different peoples of different nations and used as a means of communication when persons who can not speak a common language meet. It would be a fine thing for the deaf and dumb if this idea were carried out, and their language of signs made the system of universal social intercourse.

To day the deaf and dumb have great reason to render thanks to the Almighty, as they, more than any other class of people, have been blessed by increased religious, educational and social advantages.

# ITEMIZER.

## FACTS RELATING TO DEAF-MUTES FROM ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD.

## News From Every State in the Union.

The idea is to gather into this column items that relate to deaf-mutes personally, or to associations of deaf-mutes, or to institutions for the benefit of deaf-mutes. We hope our friends and readers will keep us supplied with items for this column. Mark items to be sent: *The Itemizer*.

There will be no Levee in Boston on January 1st, 1884.

Mrs. G. A. Holmes is still quite sick since childbirth, but is slowly recovering.

Mrs. R. F. Clark, of Vicksburg, Mich., will dine off turkey at her sister's in Toledo, Ohio, on Thanksgiving Day.

Peter Gilmore, ex-secretary of the Clero Literary Association, is expected to be present at the Philadelphia Levee.

Messrs. Bergler, Keller, Arnold, and McMillan were enrolled as members of the "Pas-a-Pas" Club, of Chicago, last week.

Horticultural Hall, Boston, will be opened all night for the Gallaudet and Clero Memorial Celebration, on December 17th next.

Connecticut expects to be represented by a goodly number of mutes at the Gallaudet Celebration in Boston, on December 17th.

Mr. Samuel Southwick's two little daughters of Salem, Mass., are happy to have a baby brother, which appeared on the 16th of last October.

Amos Ladd, of Winsted, Conn., is at last tired of his new bicycle, enough to rough and hilly roads, and would sell the iron horse cheap.

Alice V. Forbes is working in a straw shop for Mr. Wm. Cook and Co., of Foxboro, Mass. She has been there since Monday, November 19th.

The father of Alexander Dezenford, of Brooklyn, N. Y., has started or soon will start a restaurant, *Cafe*, and Alexander is happy accordingly.

Miss Isabella De Willegar, of Albany, N. Y., thinks of returning to school at the New York Institution. Her mother will decide after Thanksgiving or Christmas.

George E. Daseke, of Pulaski Co., Ind., attended the Louisville Exposition, where he met several of his classmates. He staid three days at his uncle's in New Albany, Ind.

I. N. Soper and W. L. Waters viewed the Evacuation Day parade in each other's company, after which they devoured the toothsome bivalve in a Twenty-third Street restaurant.

Mr. Capelli was not beaten in a 100 yards race by W. H. Rose, but he was in a 50 yards race. Yet Mr. Rose is considered the best short distance runner in the New York Institution.

The Inspectors of Buildings yesterday ordered free escapes placed on the Deaf and Dumb Asylum on Lexington Avenue, near Sixty-seventh Street.—*New York Herald*, Nov. 26, '83.

The Rhode Island mutes are gratified at the active part Mrs. Follette is to take in honoring Gallaudet and Clero. She has a large circle of friends who will follow her to the Celebration in Boston.

It is suggested that Prof. Weeks, Treasurer of the Gallaudet Memorial Fund, should rent a box in the Post Office, and charge it to the Fund rather than risk through letter carriers for years.

Mrs. Reighart, nee Miss Hartshorn, has returned to New England after an absence of many years, and is stopping at the house of Mr. and Mrs. Packard, of Salem, for the winter. Her many old friends will be glad to see her again.

Miss Annie Putnam, the well known belle of Saratoga Springs, N. Y., has arrived home from a visit to Buffalo, where she spent over a year with her relatives. She expects to be in Albany this winter, paying a much longer visit to her cousins.

The largest crowd that ever came to Boston is promised at the Celebration on December 17th. Already several delegations are coming from Vermont, Maine, New Hampshire and other States to do honor to the memory of Gallaudet and Clero.

Everybody should go to look at the elegant silver pitcher and plate presented to the late Rev. Dr. Gallaudet, by the mutes of New England. It was exhibited at the National Convention in New York. Dr. Thomas Gallaudet will bring the pitcher and plate to Boston, on December 17th next.

Little Gertrude Bowden, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Bowden, received a gift of a gold ring from her namesake Mrs. Gertrude A. Bird, of Yassar, Mich. Three little girls were named after Mrs. Bird. They are her niece Gertrude Lane, Gertrude Douglas, daughter of Mrs. Lizzie Douglas (nee Stevens), of Gardner, Mass. Gertrude Douglas also received a gold ring from Mrs. Bird.

Mr. Varney, his brother and Livingstone, rode eleven miles to Centre Lebanon, Me., to pay a short visit to Mr. and Mrs. Moody, who they happily tip-toed. They started for home at 3:15 in the afternoon, and got home at 5:30, but stopped on the way to see Mr. Varney's uncle.

The "Pas-a-Pas" Club of Chicago, will give its first Grand Annual Levee on the last Saturday in December, the 29th. The name of hall and other necessary information will appear in the advertising columns of the JOURNAL soon. The Levee is under the management of the following Gentlemen: John Heinlein, Chairman; Chester C. Codman, Manager; Ethelbert D. Hunter, Secretary; Charles H. Angle, Treasurer; Champion Buchanan, Edward Kingon, and Geo. Fraser.

Upon invitation by the Providence Deaf-Mute Society, of Boston, P. W. Packard, of the Salem Society of Deaf-Mutes, preached before a considerable number of our silent beings on Sunday forenoon, the 18th ult., a thoughtful and impressive sermon founded upon the text in Isaiah: "Therefore thy gates shall be open continually. They shall not be shut day nor night." After a clear and forcible explanation of the circumstances under which the words were uttered, he passed to the consideration of his theme, "the importance of eyes seeing." Notwithstanding our deafness, we can understand as well as hear—i. e., the duty of eyes being opened continually to our understanding in the services of our Lord and Maker. In the afternoon, there was a united service by turns, among whom Mrs. Whipple Follett sang devotional hymns.

R. D. Livingstone was seen in New York recently.

Thomas Breen wants to know Charles O'Brien's address.

Rev. Job Turner held service in St. Paul's Church, Baton Rouge, to-day.

It is said that a night-school for deaf-mutes will soon be started in Philadelphia.

"Mr. Soper" desires to congratulate Mr. Abe Martin on his acquisition of another little stranger.

Mr. Albert C. Hargrave stopped a short time with Prof. John E. Crane and wife. They have two pretty little boys.

W. H. Lipsett and John E. Lewis, both of Phila., expect to visit the City of Churches during the holidays.

Mr. I. N. Soper spent Thanksgiving day with his sister and her husband, Mr. Gorham D. Abbott, in Long Island.

J. B. Foster, of South Coventry, Ct., takes eight or nine weekly newspapers, including the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

Miss Julia Kennedy, of Fairport, N. Y., expects to go to Brooklyn and be a guest of her friend, Mrs. Emily Keitt, next month.

Daniel McBride, who graduated from the New York School in 1879, is doing well in the Soldiers' department in Fort Hamilton, L. I.

Frank S. Parker and Fred L. Varney, who graduated at the Hartford School a couple of years ago, are steady and industrious shoe-makers in Farmington, N. H.

Mr. William Rudolph, a skilled wood carver, of Cambridgeport, Mass., made an elegant suite of walnut chamber furniture for himself a short time previous to his marriage.

Fred J. Wheeler, formerly of Buffalo, N. Y., was married to an English mute lady, named Alice Kent. They are now residing at 79 Park Street, North Hamilton, Canada.

"A Friend" wants to know why the deaf-mutes of Montreal, Canada, do not unite to get up an entertainment at Christmas, like the levees held in New York, Boston, and other cities.

The Sunday School Union Bible Dictionary says: "Sunday was a name given by the heathen to the first day of the week, because it was the day on which they worshipped the sun."

President E. M. Gallaudet, of the National Deaf-Mute College, and Prof. Alexander Bell, of Washington, D. C., are among the invited guests to the Gallaudet and Clero Celebration in Boston.

Mrs. A. M. Norcross, who resides in Norwich Town, Ct., ran against a clothes line last week, and her left eye was seriously mutilated. At first it was feared she would lose her eyesight, but Dr. Carleton hopes to save it. Her eye is improving.

John R. Lewis denies that he is engaged to be married to Miss Louisa E. Shappell. It appears that some one forged Mr. Lewis' name to a letter and sent it to the lady. The forger had better beware, as he has committed a State Prison crime.

The prettiest baby boy in all the town came to gladden the home of Mr. B. A. Richards, last Friday night. Weight: eight pounds. Mr. Richards is now the proud father of a trio of as fine children as can be found anywhere.—*South Whitley, Ind., Magnet*.

BENEVOLENT GIFT.—A gentleman at Beverly Farms has just donated the Deaf-Mute School on Elliott street, the sum of fifty dollars to the shop fund, which now amounts to \$1,267. The generous donor may yet live to see that his kindness has not been thrown away.—*Beverly Citizen*.

Alex. Dezenford's grandmother, Mrs. Olive Dezenford, aged 87 years, departed peacefully from the earth last Saturday, and the remains were interred in Greenwood Cemetery last Tuesday. She left some hundred thousand dollars and a large estate. Alex. and Mrs. Keitt will sadly miss her.

Prosecuting Attorney, John Widaman, a brother of Frank Widaman, has gone to Columbus, O., to take depositions in the Butler murder case. Charles Butler, the wife murderer, whom Frank had an opportunity to see is still confined in the Warsaw (Ind.) Jail. The date of his execution has not as yet been decided upon.

He is described as a young man of fine muscular development, being a neatly dressed, good looking man, and sporting a sandy moustache. His father, Dr. Butler, is said to be wealthy.

Having put in a debut in Warsaw, Ind., last Saturday, a silent cigar-maker (whose name has escaped your scribble's memory) applied for and obtained a position in the cigar establishment of Chapman H. Soloff, and was to have begun his work on Monday morning, but did not come there. In the meanwhile he boarded at the Woodruff House, and remained there until the following Monday, when he got up at an early hour, and as he had to pass through Mr. Woodruff's room to go downstairs, he purloined about \$20 from the latter gentleman's pantaloons and mysteriously skedaddled. Nothing has since been heard of him.—*Imperial*.

There was a surprise party at the residence of Mr. V. B. Wright, of Naahua, N. H., on the 10th inst. His many deaf-mute friends made him a handsome present of staircase carpet in honor of his fiftieth (50th) birthday anniversary. He was greatly surprised, and accepted it as a token of remembrance and esteem. After his remarks, the company enjoyed themselves very much in dancing and playing games. They had a lunch composed of nice fruits, cakes and candies. They did not go home till the small hours.

Mrs. Colversey, of Winchendon, Mass., and Miss Laflerty, of Lowell, Mass., accepted a vote of thanks on account of their leadership in the affair. Among those present were: Mr. and Mrs. P. J. Wright, Misses Martha French, Ida Marshall, Mary Lackie, Caroline West, Cora Mayberry, Anderson, Monahan, and Messrs. Mayberry, Wardman, Tripp and Joe Soper, all of Lowell, Mass.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—We wish to make a little correction in our letter published in this week's issue.

"But possibly, there may be, on April 15, 1887, another Centennial Memorial, etc. \* \* \* for, on that day, a day, ever memorable in the annals of the deaf and dumb, etc."

We should have said "1917," instead of 1887, and also "on the 15th day of April 1817, instead of 'on that day.'"

R. M. Z.

CARLELE, Pa., Nov. 23, '83.

ERRATA.

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CARLELE, Pa., Nov. 23, '83.

# JACKSONVILLE SCHOOL.

## DEATH'S DOINGS.

## Another Valuable Teacher Lost to the Deaf and Dumb of Illinois.

We take the following from the *Daily Journal*:

"It is with extreme regret that we announce the death of Miss Cornelia Trask, which occurred on Thursday, November 22d, at 12 55 p.m. Miss Trask had been in precarious health for several months, but had felt herself able to perform the usual work of her school room. Her great love of work and devotion to her classes and pupils enlisted them farther than she should have allowed them to do. She had been admonished not to overtax her strength, and did not realize that she was doing so. She was confined to her room only six days, but they were days of great suffering. When finally death came, she met him most cheerfully and passed away quietly. Her last utterances were prayers for speedy deliverance. Her last forenoon was full of expressions of Christian faith, and repetition of favorite passages of scripture. Few persons have had so thorough a knowledge of the deaf and dumb as Miss Trask, and no one has ever had a wider range of experience in their instruction. A most valuable teacher has been lost to us, but she leaves behind her most excellent evidences of the thoroughness of her work."

"Miss Trask was born in Hartford, Ct., in 1837. She began work as a teacher of deaf-mutes in '56, in Indiana, and taught there three or four years; subsequently she taught in New York, and afterwards for a time in Memphis, Tenn. In 1859, she was employed in the institution in this city, where she has remained in active service ever since. She was one of the most thorough and industrious teachers that the profession of deaf-mute instruction has ever known."

"When it was determined to try the experiment in this institution of instructing deaf-mutes in articulation, Miss Trask was chosen on account of her exceptional ability. The wisdom of the selection was fully justified by the results of her work. She has produced some of the best cases of articulation among deaf-mutes that are anywhere to be found. Probably no teacher of deaf-mutes ever had a wider or more varied range of experience in this specialty. She had successfully mastered the sign method, the imitation method, and the Bell system of instruction. She was the first among the regular instructors of the deaf and dumb to make an enthusiastic endeavor to teach lip-reading and articulation, and this she did with wonderful success. Being a teacher in this special department, her death is a double loss to the institution, and her place will not be easily filled."

"Miss Trask was a member of the Baptist Church, and lived a perfectly Christian life, and came to her death with perfect resignation, and was entirely conscious and rational to the last moment of her life. She left instructions for messages to absent friends, and especially to her pupils, and closed her life in the utterance of a most beautiful prayer."

"Her sisters, one from Brooklyn and the other from Hartford, Ct., will arrive to-night, and until then we will not be able to state the time of the funeral."

The subjoined paragraph is from the same paper of November 24th:

"About noon yesterday word was received at the Deaf and Dumb Institution to send the remains of Miss Trask, who died on Thursday, to her old home and residence of her relatives at Hartford, Conn. Before the remains were taken away, Dr. Gillet assembled the pupils in the chapel, where appropriate service was held and a last farewell taken of a beloved friend and teacher. Rev. B. F. Simpson conducted the exercises. He read the 23d psalm and the 14th chapter of John, two favorite passages of the deceased. He made a few very appropriate remarks and offered a fervent prayer. Dr. Gillet then repeated 'There is a Fountain filled with Blood,' to the pupils in the sign language. This was a favorite hymn with Miss Trask, and she repeated the first verse of it on her death bed. Besides the teachers and pupils, there were only a few of the most intimate friends present. The remains were sent to Hartford, Conn., where the funeral services will be held and the remains interred. The teachers of this institution have telegraphed to the teachers of the Hartford Institution to get the flowers for them to be used in the burial ceremony, as a token of their love for one with whom they have worked so long."

The death of Miss Cornelia Trask cast a heavy pall of gloom over a large household. It was five minutes before one o'clock in the afternoon. The pupils were standing in line, awaiting the shrill whistle over the engine house to signal them them to march up the hill into the school house, to resume their daily pursuit of knowledge. At that sad moment a loved form, instead of wending her wonted way to the school room, was lingering in pain until the prayer—

"Vital spark of heavenly flame,  
Quilt, O, quilt this mortal frame,"

was answered, and she was received into the loving arms of the Saviour who so dearly loved her below.

Although it was known that Miss

Trask was not well enough to attend to her duties, few were aware of the serious nature of her illness, and the announcement that she was gone was received with mingled incredulity, consternation and sorrow.

The next morning, at chapel service, the chair which she so punctually occupied in attending the daily worship, was heavily draped in mourning in token of a sad vacancy. Dr. Gillet related the closing scenes of her life. She died as she lived—a sincere Christian and a devoted friend of those for whom she sacrificed her life. She used her dying breath to send them this loving message: "Give my love to them, and tell them to be good."

Dr. Gillet said that his feelings prompted him to suspend the school work for the day, but he thought it wiser to quietly go on with the work, as that would show more respect to the memory of their friend, than to grant them a holiday to be devoted to idleness, noise and play.

So the forenoon was spent in the usual routine way. At 1.30 p.m., the pupils of both sexes stood facing each other on both sides of the walk leading from the front entrance of the main building to the front entrance of the school building. The metallic casket containing the lifeless form was slowly borne between the file, and placed in the front hall of the school building. The pupils passed along, and took their last look at all that remained of a friend they dearly loved. Then they filed up into the chapel, where the funeral service was conducted by the Pastor of her church. Dr. Gillet interpreted the service.

Dr. Gillet took the evening train for Chicago with the casket containing the remains. He expects to meet two sisters of the deceased, who were on their way to see her before she died.

The teachers held a meeting to give expression of their sentiments on the occasion. Mr. Brock, Miss Richards and Miss Patton, were appointed a committee to make up a suitable expression of the feelings of the teachers. It was resolved to telegraph to Hartford, and have a floral tribute procured at the expense of the teachers as a token of their love and esteem.

D. W. G.

JACKSONVILLE, ILL., Nov. 24, '83.

## NEW YORK.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

At 7:30 p.m., precisely, Wednesday, 21st inst., a deaf-mute dude was seen strolling up 16th Street from Union Square. He wore the regulation pants, tooth-pick shoes, lemon-colored overcoat, and soup-tureen hat.

After taking off his single eye-glass so that he could see, he found he was correct, that he arrived at 30 West 14th Street, the rooms of the Catholic Literary and Benevolent Union. After attempting to put on his eye-glass again, in which effort he dropped his cane and finally succeeded in ascending the steps without accident, with the exception of stubbing his toes against the railing, which made him howl with pain.

Failing in the attempt, much to his dismay, to pass off a button as a dime, on the door keeper, he by great effort raked up nine cents, which the door-keeper kindly added the deficiency, and he, to his joy, hopped inside.

The occasion was the lecture by Thomas F. Fox before the Union, on the "Wonders of the Human Mind." By actual count there were exactly fifty-two deaf-mutes present, not including the dude, and one-half of these were ladies.

The lecture was to secure contributions to the Peet Bust Fund, and ten cents admission fee was charged.

At 8:15, President Russell mounted the rostrum, and opened the meeting with a few words of introduction. Mr. Fox's remarks were delivered in a graceful and interesting manner. He dwelt on the wonderful feats of memory of some of the greatest men of the world—many of these being done without any seeming effort. He told of Macaulay, the great English writer, who one day happened to hear a song which took his fancy. Fifty years after, he sang the song from memory, though during that interval, he had written some of his greatest works. He also mentioned the wonderful feat of the Abbe Frail, one of the characters in Alexander Dumas' "Monte Cristo." He said though probably all the other characters are mere fabrications, this one is founded on fact. The abbe, owing to his sympathy with the pretender, Napoleon I., was on his overthrow, chased into one of the dungeons of the Chateau de If. He had never seen the outside of the walls—having been taken there on a dark night. For ten years, he labored at what his keepers thought to be the imagination of a maniac, but which was in truth a plan of the prison drawn on the floor. With this plan and the aid of a chisel made by himself, he pierced through fifty feet of wall, but alas! his calculations were wrong by half an inch, and he died in prison (tremendous applause from the dude). He also told of stranger tricks of memory of an old grandmother who thought she had lost her spectacles, and after hunting for them for an hour or so and spanking all the children, find them snugly reposing on her forehead, where she had lifted them; of men who could repeat whole books without an error from memory, and so the lecturer went on, now a funny story, now a startling feat.

At the conclusion, the lecturer was applauded and tendered a vote of thanks. (Here the dude hastily ad-

justed his eye-glass, having been so interested in the funny stories that he had forgotten his defective vision).

It being late, the meeting then adjourned. Among the ladies present were Misses Prudence Lewis, Miss Rachael McIlvaine, Miss Eva Batz, Miss Myra L. Barrager, Miss Mary Liebel, Miss A. Kinney, Mrs. Pownall, Mrs. Colby, Miss Calaine B. Felver, Miss Campbell, Miss F. Kelly, Miss Annie Finn, and others, all of whom the dude admired.

Among the gentlemen we noticed Messrs. Heyman, Froelich, "Beau" Barnes, McColville, Cornelius, Souweine, Crorken, Dennen, O'Brien, Donohue, Campbell, and others, including all the members of the Society.

It is expected that the amount collected will be forwarded shortly to the Committee to secure the contribution to the fund.

The following clipping was taken from the *News* of the 22d inst.:

"Jacob Rutgers, a deaf-mute, who has a comfortable home at 16 Essex street, was prosecuted by the Charity Organization Society as a professional mendicant, and was sent to the Island for six months. Rutgers has six children, who earn, it is said, thirty dollars every week among them."

The marriage of Mr. Joseph Pospel to Miss Annie Hughes, both deaf-mutes, residents of this city, took place at St. Francis Xavier's Church, 16th street, last Thursday evening, the 22d inst. A large number of relatives of the bride and groom were present at the church. Mr. Evans, a deaf-mute, acted as Mr. P.'s best man. The bridesmaid was also a deaf-mute.

Rev. S. P. Freeman performed the ceremony in the sign-language. At the conclusion of the service, the party adjourned to the residence of the bride's parents, where a sumptuous bridal supper was partaken of. The bridal tour is deferred till the spring, on account of the lateness of the season.

Mr. J. F. J. Tresch's sketch in black and white, entitled "A member of the German Reichstag," has been accepted by the Salmagundi Sketch Club, for the exhibition which opens December 3d.

Preparations for the Manhattan Literary Association are going on smoothly. It is whispered by the knowing ones that several surprises will be developed as the event draws nearer. Only one month to wait.

The Gallaudet Club continues to prosper. At its last meeting several new applications for membership were received. Among those accepted was that of Mr. I. N. Soper, Treasurer of the "Twilight Union."

Evacuation Day came on Monday, and New York City went on a big spree. To go into details here would be a foolish attempt, as to do it justice it would require the whole of the space in the JOURNAL.

The following is clipped from the *Red Bank Standard*, and has reference to the sister of Alex. L. Pach:

"A SAD AFFLICTION.

"Bella Lucy Pach, eldest daughter of Morris Pach, the tobacconist of this town, died on Sunday morning last, of malaria, after a short illness. Miss Pach was aged sixteen years and four days, was a member of the class of '81 of the Red Bank public schools, and a young lady highly respected and beloved by a large circle of friends, she endeavoring herself to all with whom she came in contact by her gentle, unassuming, ladylike ways. Her parents have the sympathy of the entire community in this their sad affliction. The funeral services were held on Tuesday afternoon, at the house on Front Street, Rev. J. R. Macie, pastor of Grace M. E. Church, officiating. Interment at Long Branch. Mr. Pach has two other children very low with the same disease, but it is devoutly hoped that medical skill will be able to conquer the fell destroyer."

Since the above was printed, we learn that his only remaining sister, Alma, aged fourteen years and twenty-six days, has passed from time to eternity. The remains will be interred in Cypress Hill Cemetery.

X.

## The Beverly School.

The pupils of the Deaf-Mute School, under the guidance of their teachers, paid a visit to the Beverly Pottery last Saturday afternoon, when they were shown through the works. The children took a lively interest in the various processes of the manufacture of toys and earthenware out of clay. There was a pressure of business at the Pottery, preparing for the Christmas holidays, and Mr. Lawrence stated that he was behind hand in filling orders, but still there were *objets d'art* and various bric-a-brac enough, including imitations of Egyptian pottery and Pompeii to arouse the curiosity and admiration of the children.

Afterward they inspected the Eastern Elevator and Mills of I. W. Dodge & Co., on Park Street, where they were kindly shown every attention. But the children missed their old friend, Mr. Dodge, and were somewhat chagrined to find that the kind-hearted old gentlemen that they used to know at the old mill on Elliott Street, was not there to greet them with his usual benevolent smile. The children, however, took a great interest in the workings of the mill and its powerful engine, and although they could not express their pleasure with their lips, yet their beaming faces told the story.—*Beverly Citizen*.

The Indianapolis Journal says that a deaf-mute, aged fifty or fifty-six, wife of Mr. Dobson, a farmer living near Augusta, Ind., was run over and killed by the cars on the Cincinnati, Indianapolis & Lafayette Railroad.

# DIRECTORY.

For the convenience of the public, we propose to publish in this column, in ALPHABETICAL ORDER, a list of Societies, Clubs and Associations of Deaf-Mutes. Every organization is invited to send its card. Changes will be made as ordered by the Secretaries.

## CATHOLIC LITERARY AND BENEVOLE







## FANWOOD.

### A few Hints to the Girls.

#### INSTITUTION MENTION.

##### Salmagundi.

(From our New York Correspondent.)

#### INSTITUTION CHIT CHAT.

Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Hodgson (nee Miss Lillian R. Jones), have gone to housekeeping in a cosy suite of rooms in the vicinity of the Institution.

What is worth seeing about Fanwood was taken in by Harry M. Powell and a friend on Sunday.

Alexander Dezenford loves his *Alma Mater*, and shook hands with her on the 25th.

Baker Beatty rubbeth his hands briskly and carols a gay tune, as he greaseth the gobbler for the oven.

A special meeting of the Gallaudet Club, of which many of our teachers are members, was held Friday evening last. The object of the call was to perfect details for the grand Dinner on the evening of December 10th. A brilliant event is assured.

The birthday of Miss Prudence Lewis was quietly celebrated with a dinner at the residence of Prof. and Mrs. Currier, Wednesday of last week.

On Friday last, James H. Caton, accompanied by Freddy W. Baars, spent the night with a friend of the former, and the next day took the boat for Highlands, where they will remain for a few days.

Mr. M. J. Gilbert, Steward, and Dr. A. Nellis, Assistant Physician of the Willard Insane Asylum, were the guests of Dr. Carson for a short time one day last week.

The father of Master Cory, who is Superintendent of some railroad having connection at Saratoga, N. Y., visited the Institution on the 22d inst., and was much pleased with the progress his little son had made both in the schoolroom and printing department.

Prof. Thomas F. Fox lectured before the Catholic Literary Union on Wednesday evening of last week. Among those who were present from the Institution were Misses Lewis and Barrager.

There was a wedding among the friends of F. W. Meinken last week. Fred attended to help dispose of the refreshments characteristic of such happy occasions.

The father of Master Geo. Berner, a young semi-mute who lost his hearing a couple of years ago, died last week.

Little Gertie Turner, about four years old, a deaf-mute daughter of Mrs. C. Turner, of South Brooklyn, made the compositors turn from their cases for an instant to admire her loveliness Thursday afternoon last. There was not a boy in the office who would not have gone out of his way to do the tiny creature a favor.

Miss L. C. Rice was dangerously ill for a few days last week. She is improving at present.

Prof. W. G. Jones gave a pantomime exhibition before the Young Men's Christian Association of Harlem, Tuesday evening last.

#### THE TURKEY OUTLOOK.

A large number of our pupils will pick turkey bones at home to-day. The "feed" here will be up to the usual standard on such occasions, and the small boy has partaken sparingly of food for the past twenty-four hours.

#### FASHION NOTE.

Fall hats and bonnets have made the fair sex wild. If next Sunday happens to be rainy, there will be no peace for the men of the household.

#### EVACUATION DAY ECHOES.

Three-fourths of the male pupils evacuated the Institution on Monday. After breakfast.

The great majority had permits. The rest didn't.

The latter wouldn't be squealed, and played "hooky."

And tramped all the way to and from Central Park in the rain.

Very wet patriotism.

The stories they related during the evening while drying their stockings by the light of the gas, were extremely wonderful.

And awfully improbable.

Still pardonable.

Misses Julia Brearley, Barrager, Mitchell, Decker and Rintoul, perched on some steps near 33d Street.

And unconsciously ejaculated "Oh, how cute," as the 7th Regiment mashers swept past them.

The 7th were not mashed.

"Me-a-n old things."

"Chip" fixed his glittering eye on Ben Butler as that worthy went past in his carriage of state.

And received a bow from the "Tewkesbury horror."

The Journal's influence is potent in Massachusetts.

And don't you forget it.

HINTS FOR OUR GIRLS—MODESTY.

A modest girl is always to be admired. By "modest" we do not mean timid and retiring, but one whose actions are always lady-like and sensible; one who treats all people respectfully, without regard to personal attractiveness or condition in life. There are some who consider themselves modest, yet are so bold that the moment a back is turned they commence to make remarks not calculated to do good to the person referred to. This sort of

"modesty" is neither wise nor yet policy, and besides doing a great deal of harm to those who make it a practice, and it is disagreeable to those who are forced to observe it.

#### THE MIRT.

False smiles, unnatural and unwarranted solicitude, constitute your stock in trade. Men are not deceived by it. They are able to see through the "soul thrilling" glances which but glance from their vest buttons (they never come nearer the heart) and slide down into their boots, where they are trampled under foot with disgust. No sensible man falls into your trap. It may suit his purpose to appear fascinated, but all the while he regards you with distrust and suspicion, and has no respect for you at all. Does the consequences justify this course?

#### MANNERS.

We frequently observe actual rudeness in the manners of those with whom we are thrown in contact. Rudeness in a man is bad enough, but in a woman it is unpardonable. When it is intended as a direct insult, we question whether the end is accomplished, for in this connection it is practiced only when in company, and the persons observing it instead of applauding, consider the "lady" not only rude and ill-mannered, but a fool as well. It is easy to acquire the reputation of being a fool and unworthy the respect of gentlemen, but it is a very hard task to convince people of their error when once the reputation is gained. The moral is obvious.

#### CHIT.

From Rev. Job Turner.

BALTIMORE, MD., Nov. 16, 1883.  
MY DEAR MR. HODGSON:—Before I start for Romney, West Va., I will send you some news of interest.

Last Tuesday night I had a service in St. Ann's chapel, Lowell, Mass., there being seven or eight deaf-mutes present. Among them were Mrs. Wright and Miss West. I was sorry to miss my friend Miss Lafferty from the meeting. The clergyman who kindly placed the chapel at my disposal, is a young gentleman. His father was born in Richmond, Va., and was a preacher, and so were his brother and brother-in-law.

Last Wednesday night I met my appointment in New Haven, Conn., on time. The officiating clergyman did very well as an interpreter, to my great satisfaction. There was a good number of deaf-mutes, among whom were Messrs. Leek, Riger, and McCune, and Mrs. Leek, and Misses Stoffel, Axt and Cisco. They seemed pleased with the service, and said they would be glad if I could conveniently come for their benefit oftener.

About an hour after the service I took passage on a splendid steamboat for New York, and soon retired to my stateroom much fatigued. No wonder I slept soundly and sweetly during the whole passage. I found myself much refreshed when I opened my eyes. The boat had reached her wharf in New York a long time before.

The same morning, I broke bread with Dr. Gallaudet and his bright family, after which I went to the Institution on business.

The same afternoon, I was much surprised to meet a Louisville millionaire, who talked to me in the mill-lane like a deaf-mute. He has never forgotten the signs which he learned on the lap of his deaf and dumb mother, now deceased. He is one of the most influential citizens in Louisville, Ky., and supports his two sisters with five thousand dollars yearly. He feels a deep interest in the spiritual welfare of his deaf-mute fellow citizens. I remember to have met his father in Boston half a century ago.

Last night I fell in with a Staunton gentleman on the train from New York to Philadelphia. I met so many friends in my travels, that I feel at home on trains.

I must not omit to say about Mr. Henry T. Kollock, whom I had the pleasure of meeting in Williamstown, Conn. His parents, both deaf and dumb, reside a considerable distance from town. He is a young enterprising man, and can talk on his fingers without any difficulty. I think I can safely say from my own observation that children of deaf and dumb parents are generally smarter than those of more fortunate ones.

Last night I attended a lecture in Philadelphia, which was a good treat to the silent spectators.

I leave for Romney to-morrow morning, so I must say good night.

Yours sincerely,

Job Turner.

#### HARTFORD ITEMS.

Every thing is all the same as ever at the Institution, but there is a young girl pupil lying very dangerously ill. Mr. A. C. Hargrave, of Boston, made a visit to the Institution last week.

Mrs. Annie L. Reighart, of Kentucky, made her appearance in Hartford from New York, en route to Boston, and the Institution officers received a very agreeable visit from her, and she persuaded her to remain longer, but she could not. She received a good many callers during her brief visit. One of them was her faithful and old friend, Mr. R. D. Livingstone, who frequently visited her out West before Mrs. R.'s husband died. Mrs. R. took the Monday noon express train for Boston, where she expects to stay for a while before she returns West.

Mrs. Edison, the wife of the inventor, is the originator of what promises to be a popular arrangement of the electric light in chandeliers.

## OHIO INSTITUTION.

### ANNUAL REPORT TO THE GOVERNOR.

#### A Long Array of Interesting Facts in Connection with the Columbus Institution.

(Ohio State Journal.)

The trustees of the Deaf and Dumb Asylum have drawn up their annual report of the Institution under their charge and will submit it, together with the reports of the officers, to Governor Foster this morning. The report opens up with the statement that the school has gone through another year of prosperity and efficient work in the benevolent enterprise of educating and imparting habits of industry to the unfortunate class placed under charge of the trustees. The requests of the superintendent for appropriations to meet the future wants of the Institution are heartily indorsed, the trustees not being able to foresee how the efficiency of the Institution can be kept up unless the sums asked are granted. The building being the oldest of the State Institutions, it needs more to keep it in repair than do the others, and the appropriation for the last year was too small. In regard to the industrial departments connected with the Institution, it is said that the carpenter shop is doing all of the carpenter work and repairing about the building and makes all the boxes for transporting books and documents for the state departments. The shoe shop is doing all the mending, and, to an extent, the making of boots for the inmates of the institution. With the appropriation asked for all of the manufacturing for the asylum can be done here. The boot and shoe mending for the inmates, as well as the clothes provided by sewing department, are charged to the parents of the pupils and the proceeds accounted for to the auditor of state. A statement is made in regard to the letting of the contracts for the steam heating, and the work is said to be satisfactory. The additional gas main, laid from the penitentiary to the asylum, adds much to the illuminating facilities and meets a decided want. The fountain in front of the building was replaced by a larger and more substantial one, and adds much to the beauty of the grounds. The cost of the improvement, amounting to \$534, was paid out of the Matthew Russell fund. Reference is made to the election of Professor Amasa Pratt to the superintendency of the Institution, the resignation of Miss Minnie O'Hye and the election of Miss Blanche Filler as teacher, the resignation on account of ill health of Miss Hattie E. Coggeshall as teacher of articulation, and the appointment of Miss Annie Chidester to her position. The other changes were the resignation of Mr. James Park, Mr. Plumb M. Park and Miss Clara Reed, and the appointment to the respective places of Messrs. R. P. McGregor, Park Terrel and L. Odebrecht. In regard to Superintendent Pratt, it is said: "He is a graduate of Williams College, and has taught in the Deaf and Dumb Institution in Philadelphia, Pa., and in the Deaf and Dumb Institution in California. Mr. Pratt, since entering upon his duties in this institution, has given evidence of fine executive ability and thoroughness in the work. The board feel assured that they have made no mistake in his selection to discharge the arduous and responsible duties of the position."

Superintendent Pratt, in his report, refers to the gratification to be derived from noticing the rapid progress in knowledge of the deaf and dumb pupils under his charge, and says that they, although coming to the institution with no means of communicating with their friends and with no knowledge of any law, human or divine, are sent out, after seven years of pupilage, intelligent and responsible members of society, capable of enjoying all the blessings of life and of taking positions by the side of their more favored fellows. The whole number enrolled since the opening of the present school year is 410, of whom 223 are boys and 187 girls. The number in attendance since the making of the last report has been 505. The only counties in the state not represented are Adams and Carroll. Those having the largest representation are as follows: Butler, 10; Cuyahoga, 24; Franklin, 35; Hamilton, 56; Licking, 10; Lucas, 14; Miami, 10; Montgomery, 15; Scioto, 14; Stark, 10; Wood, 10. The other counties have from one to nine representatives. The health during the year has been very good, although "German measles" broke out among the pupils in November, 1882, and there were 98 cases of it; no deaths from it however. In the early part of the present year genuine measles got among the pupils, and there were 125 cases before it disappeared. There were two deaths among pupils during the year—Matthew M. Callen and Reinhold Steffen. The latter was killed while on a vacation at his home in Cleveland. The changes referred to in the trustees' report are spoken of, and it is said that the new teachers have taken hold of the work with a zeal and enthusiasm which gives promise of good results. The school-rooms during the present year are for the most part crowded to overflowing, and the building, although originally designed for 350, has been made to accommodate 425. From the United States

census of 1880, it is learned that there are in Ohio 2301 mutes, of whom 1227 are males, and 1075 females. Of these there must at least be 550 between the ages of 5 and 20, who have never enjoyed the advantages of an institution such as the Deaf and Dumb Asylum. The appeal for more room, which has been made in each annual report since 1873, becomes more urgent every year. The cost of maintaining the institution for the year just closed has been as follows: Current expenses, \$58,472.97; ordinary repairs, \$6679.71; salaries of officers and teachers, \$20,019.17; total, \$85,171.85. The state bindery, which is in no way connected with the asylum, except that it affords instruction in binding to pupils, is a draft on the appropriations not borne by any other institution in the state. The expense account, therefore, should be credited with the cost of supplying the bindery with heat and steam. This has been two-fifths of the total expense of heating and steam power, which was \$71.38. This per cent, amounting to \$2885.20, and \$927.40 receipts from the shoe shop and \$2855.88 money received for railroad fares and for clothing furnished should be deducted from the total cost of running the Institution. The yearly cost per capita was as follows: On account of current expenses, \$123.39; current expense and repair account, \$139.29; current expense and repair account and salaries, \$186.96. The first department has been organized with Mr. Lewis Fleniken, the supervisor, as chief, and twelve of the older pupils as the company. A new fire reel has been ordered, and is promised by January 1st, 1884. The two rooms over the hose department and store house have been fitted up as dormitories for the company, so that they may be ready at a moment's notice in case of fire. E. J. Scott, a graduate of the Institution, prints and publishes a neat weekly paper, for circulation among the mutes of the Institution. There is connected with the office a job department, but the great drawback is the lack of sufficient work to keep the boys employed. It is suggested that the Legislature authorize the Institution to bid for the execution of some part of the State printing, or make some other provision to provide the boys with work. Mutes, it is said, make excellent compositors. The shoe shop does work equal to any hand-made work in the country. It is under the foremanship of P. P. Pratt, a graduate of the institution. It is suggested that an appropriation be made so that the shop may manufacture all the boots and shoes for the institution. The carpenter shop is presided over by J. W. Keen. The girls of the institution, under the direction of the assistant matron, Mrs. S. R. Buckland, assisted by Misses Maginnis and Williamson, have made very much of the bedding used in the dormitories, and considerable of the clothes, and have done all of the mending. Fifteen girls and twenty-five boys have been employed two hours per day receiving instruction and assisting in the work in the bindery. The number employed at present in the printing office is 36; in the shoe shop, 41; and in the carpenter shop 28; in the sewing room, 30, and in the bindery, 25. The girls make the beds in all the dormitories and also do considerable work in the laundry and dining-rooms. The smaller boys sweep the halls and assist in keeping the grounds clean. The improvements, which were described at the time of their being made, are referred to and the wants of the institution enumerated as follows: Current expenses, exclusive of receipts from sources other than the treasury, \$60,000; salaries of officers and teachers, \$21,000; ordinary repairs, \$400; inside painting, \$600; outside painting \$500; carpets for halls and superintendent's office, \$800; furniture, \$300; salary of foreman and shoe shop supplies, \$1500; salary of foreman and printing office supplies, \$900; salary of foreman and carpenter shop supplies, \$1400; one two seated carriage, \$375; one horse, \$180; lumber to replace floors of corridors in the basement, boys' play-room and dormitories, \$1200; two iron verandas and stairways in front of boys and girls' study-room second floor of east and west wings, and providing entrances from verandas to study-rooms and putting up partitions in said rooms, \$2100; laundry in rear of and connecting the same with the girls' side of the building, \$3000; expenses of trustees, \$350. The rest of the report is taken up in elaborating upon the wants, to fill which the appropriations are asked. In conclusion, the superintendent expresses his thanks for the hearty co-operation of the trustees in all of his efforts so far, and a devout wish for the future success of the institution.

#### Rev. A. W. Mann's Appointments.

Dec. 2.—Detroit, Mich., 10:30 A.M. and 7:30 P.M.  
Dec. 3.—Flint, Mich., 7:30 P.M.  
" 4.—Lansing, Mich., 7:30 P.M.  
" 9.—Chicago, Ill., 2:45 P.M.  
" 9.—Chicago, Ill., (probable) 7:30 P.M.  
" 16.—St. Louis, Mo., 8:00 P.M.  
" 16.—St. Louis, Mo., (probable) 7:30 P.M.  
Dec. 17.—Jacksonville, Ill., 7:30 P.M.  
" 23.—Cleveland, O., 10:30 A.M. and 7:30 P.M.  
" 23.—Cleveland, O., 3:00 P.M.  
" 23.—Cleveland, O., 7:30 P.M.  
" 25.—Cleveland, O., 10:30 A.M.  
" 28.—Sharon, Pa., 7:30 P.M.  
" 30.—Pittsburg, Pa., 3:00 P.M.

I shall be very happy to make other appointments between the above dates, if possible. Address me at 5 Chestnut Street, Cleveland, Ohio.

## ST. LOUIS.

### Usual Club Meeting.

#### LECTURES AND RAFFLES IN PROSPECT.

##### Miscellaneous Splinters.

Our Deaf-Mute Club held another of its monthly meetings last Saturday evening, which had as much important business in it as any meeting yet held. The young members are coming to the front with a vengeance, and are determined to place the club in the front rank of the deaf-mute associations of the country, if energy and vim are worth anything. Well, when the roll call went round very few absentees were to be found and these had good excuses. The Secretary read letters from Geo. T. Dougherty and Rev. A. W. Mann. Mr. Dougherty's letter was his resignation as a member on account of engaging in business outside of the city; Rev. Mann's communication announced he would hold church services here December 16th, and he also expressed a willingness to give a lecture before the club at any time they desired. His offer was accepted with thanks, and December 15th was fixed as the time for the lecture, if convenient to Mr. Mann. Hugh Lamb then introduced Samuel Perlmutter as a candidate for membership, and after an eloquent speech in Samuel's behalf, he was admitted a member by an unanimous vote. Mr. Simpson expressed a desire to give the boys a lecture, so did Mr. Guss, and both of the gentlemen's offers were accepted. Mr. J. J. (not Mike) Smith next rose to his feet to make a few remarks about our next ball, and thought the club should begin to hustle around, and have it near the end of December. A couple of boys objected to having the ball so soon, and the President said he would have another meeting to decide the ball conundrum. In the meantime, the members were to see which ball would make the most favorable terms on music, supper, etc. Mr. Simpson then moved that the club have its By-Laws printed and a copy be furnished every member—agreed to, and President Guss appointed Messrs. D. A. Simpson, Hugh Lamb, W. T. Campbell, Charles Wolf and Wm. Stafford, as a committee to draw up the By-Laws. After a little more business, the club adjourned.

The raffle for the gorgeous chair cushion donated by Charles Wolf came off last week, and all the boys that were able were in attendance.

W. E. Guss proved the lucky one, and took it home to present to his handsome better half. The sum of seven dollars and fifteen cents was netted by the raffle, and Charles was showered with thanks.

Some of the young folks will donate a turkey to be raffled Thanksgiving Eve, and a lot of fun is in prospect.

Mr. D. A. Simpson will lecture Saturday evening, November 24th—subject "King Lear," and it will undoubtedly be interesting; Mr. Guss will follow him the week after, but his subject is not decided on yet.

Mr. Dougherty, one St. Louis' most talented mutes, after a short period of idleness has secured a good situation as chemist with the Chicago Smelting & Refining Company; he was obliged to leave for the city by the lake in such hurry that he could only see a couple of his friends before he left. We are sorry to lose genial George, and Chicago may feel proud to get him.

Richard Giblin, after a spell of hard luck, has got a place with the St. Louis Stamping Company, and says he will stick to his job this time. That's the right way, Richard.

A deaf-mute hailing from New England (Massachusetts, if our treacherous memory is correct) dropped into the Club room last meeting night and had a talk with some of our "shining lights;" he told them his first name was Miles (first name we can't remember to save our worthless life) and that he was a weaver by trade, and came to St. Louis to see if he could get a job at a mill here, work being dull where he came from. The mutes gave him all the assistance possible, but we think he was not successful, because there are very few mills of the kind he wants here. We think he is a pleasant appearing man. He will go further West if he does not succeed here.

One of the foot-pads that robbed Albert Kohlmetz some time ago, is in "limbo," and the Judge will come down heavy on him when the trial comes off, as the penalty is severe for such a crime in this State. The other three rascals have not been seen since, and the "knights of the star and club" think they are in Chicago or some other village, and Albert is perambulating around the depot with a couple of keen-eyed (?) detectives, in hopes of seeing the fellows he wants—so far they have not been successful.

Mr. Charles Hardin showed his good looking "mug" at the club room to-day, for the first time in months, and met a hearty welcome from the members. He is not a member, being a benedict and working in the evenings, preventing him from joining our "happy family." Mr. Hardin had Mr. Milton Carr, from Sparta, Ill., with him, and introduced him, though several of us have seen Mr. Carr before; he is looking for a job as a typesetter, and will probably get a place soon.

Sammy Perlmutter is happy as a "big sun flower" because he has been admitted as a member to the Deaf-Mute Club, and threatens to grow a pair of mutton chop whiskers to celebrate the event; but we doubt Samuel's ability to grow them, unless he uses beard elixir.

Henry McCamely has taken all the shine out of our swell young men by coming out in a ten dollar high silk stove-pipe hat. Henry looks so sweet that we want to go away and end our miserable existence. All the club dues must lower their colors and acknowledge Henry as the "boss" of them all.

Mr. Hiliary Leake has one of the best places to be found in town, as a shoemaker, and earns first class wages. We hope he will stay here for good.

Hugh P. Lamb is always up to something, and his latest idea is to be a card printer. Hugh has a good job and will stay there, but in his spare time he prints cards, having purchased a neat outfit for that purpose, and has his hands full of work. He has another idea too, which will be developed ere long. We must not forget to add that Hugh is duly impressed with the dignity of his position, and has been raising a mustache, which though very young and also tender, takes all the glory from several of the boys.

We perceive with the deepest anguish that the "Jersey Lily" is going to winter at another village, and leave us and her admirers out in the cold.

William Stocksick and Miss Delia Mitchell will be married November 28th; this is the end of a long looked for event among the mutes. About a dozen mutes have been invited to attend the wedding. Further information will be given after the ceremony is performed.

The Deaf-mute club will have a special meeting next Wednesday—reason, to talk about the prospective ball.

Dame Rumor says Rev. A. W. Mann will be in town November 28th. Wonder if it is true.

The fair ones threaten to wring our neck if we don't say something about them. When we know any thing of interest, then we will be glad to write them up, not till then ladies.

It is rumored that Governor Crittenden intends to appoint one of the deaf-mute club as police commissioner, because they could turn a deaf ear to the bribes of the gambling ring. We suspect our heavy friend, Tom Brown, is the man the governor means.

Look out for something jolly.

Yours for fun,

JIM JAMS.

#### Canada Items.

Mr. Thomas Widd, Principal of the MacKay Institution, has gone to winter in California for the good of his health. Miss McGann, the Superintendent, takes his duties in addition to her own.

The Mackay Institution now admits the blind, and a class is being formed. Miss Terrill, a teacher in the mute department, will undertake their instruction.

A bright little boy, Frank Wiggott, will not be satisfied while learning to speak plainly; but insists on taking singing lessons! To the persevering all things are possible.

Miss Jessie MacFarlane, is the best lip-reader in the Institution.

A debating society was formed last Saturday evening. Subject of the debate, "Education versus Money." It was decided in favor of education.

Master Tom O'Brien, for a number of years one of us, has been removed to the Catholic Institution to learn his creed.

The Catholic Institution at Mile End pays particular attention to articulation, and many of its pupils speak French and English perfectly.

We are already anticipating Xmas and the good things it brings.

More anon. A PUPIL.

#### Dedicated to the Deaf-Mutes of Newark, N. J.

Some years ago, there flourished what was then known as a deaf-mute society in Newark, N. J., but under poor management the said Society did not last long enough to set the world on fire, it died in its infancy. The reason it did not live long was because some of the members used to backbite each other. No encouragement, for the success of the Society was received, so it died as we have said before. Of late some of the deaf-mutes of Newark, N. J., have made it a habit to meet in some place at evenings to associate with each other.

"Phixy" last summer suggest that a new society would be the proper thing for them. A few of the most intelligent mutes of that city said that it was no use, because the deaf-mutes could not and had not try another attempt. After having received encouragement from other organizations, they decided to organize one this fall. Up to date we have heard nothing of the said new society. It is rumored that the attempt has been given up, owing to only a few deaf-mutes who had decided to become members. We hope that the rumor is not true. Every deaf-mute organization in the United States when founded had only a few members, but soon grew into powerful societies. The deaf-mutes of Newark, N. J., will please follow the examples of other societies, then their own will in time to come be a successful one.

#### PHIXY.

FANWOOD, N. Y., 11-23-83.

Sarah Bernhardt, when asked recently what induced her to marry replied, "Because it was the only thing I had not yet tried."

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## JEWELRY

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